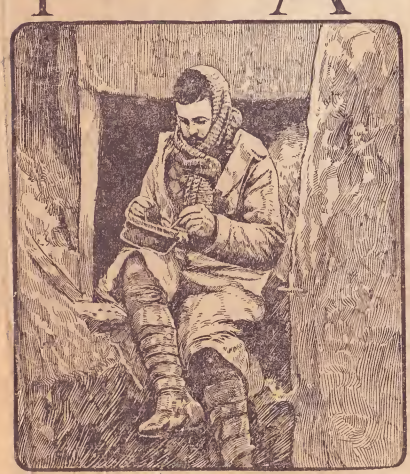


TOMMY ATKINS'S BURDEN



(Specially written for The Family Herald and Weekly Star's War Series.)

At present the whole burden of Empire is borne upon the shoulders of the British soldier and sailor. That is to say, if he fails in his task, or fails in his resistance to those aiming at its destruction, the whole wonderful structure falls in great confusion.

Diplomacy, commerce, financial prowess do their part, chiefly in sustaining and backing him up. But all said and done, the fate of the British Empire, greatest, most beneficent organization the world has known, is bound up with the success or failure of our navy and army.

Useful would mean ruin, despair in Canada, the bending under the brutalities of German military rule, the loss of nationality, a descent from light to darkness. The chaos of the ensuing destruction for all the component parts of the British Empire we cannot measure who have not seen ravaged Belgium, or the portions of France, where barbaric ruffians are still permitted to over-run.

Cheer, indomitable, quick, though stubbornly devoted to his day's duty, the soldier of the Empire probably thinks little of the destinies he is breaking out. He out to "do his bit," well as ever he can, to "smash everlastingly those beastly huns."

The burden he is most concerned about is that on his heart—the wife, the little ones, or the sad-eyed mother and patient-faced father. As he thinks of country and Empire, his thoughts travel back to them.

With them is lodged his conception of what a man loves best in life. From them he grew to the highest thought of his country for which a man would willingly die.

As a rule soldiers are not revengeful. Death is given and taken in the trenches or charges as part of the ordinary business of war. A man and human they are stirred to vigorous action by such things as one of them thus described the other day in a letter he sent home.

"During one of our bayonet charges I was shot in the leg and was near him on the back, and tried to get him on my back, but he was too heavy. I asked him to leave me, but he wouldn't. I made him as comfortable as possible and gave him my water bottle. His wound was not really dangerous. When darkness came I was in three or four places, but he lay. I called softly to him, but no reply, and then going to the spot where he lay, I found him lying on his back with a portion of bayonet protruding from his chest. He had been discovered wounded by the Germans, and the fiends stabbed him in fifteen places, and one of his ears was cut clean off and a slip of paper which was pinned to his tunic bore the following inscription:

"Haff, taken as momento one of your friend ears to compare with an ordinary donkey. English war dog, long leg, small head, no brains. No room for it. Damned fella. We kill them all. See."

I have kept this souvenir of savagery, as it seems incredible to me on the field of battle should find time to stoat over a fallen foe in this horrible, dark Indian fashion. It is too much to expect of mortal men that they should never be repulsed for this sort of thing. And unhappily—however much we would like to discount stories of mutilations, violations, child murders, church destruction—there is no man who is true of German atrocity, that Tommy Atkins finds the burden almost unbearable at times.

The Curse of Eden. What bothers him most, however, is the burden Adam's fall loaded him with. He loathes the devil who made him. When you have to carry your whole wardrobe, and its appurtenances of brass, silver, blacking, mending kit, about with you all the time, you begin to realize that the fall from primeval simplicity and grace. Then you realize that the devil has made you a miser, and his possessions always on his back, even though soldiers do a whole lot of breaking.

Sixty pounds is quite a weight to be carrying for long. It makes you abundantly clear. The fact that the other clothing is good, the best possible, fairly water-

better able to carry a heavier burden than many of the others. It is a better rifle too than any of the others, shoots further, and carries more bullets in the magazine. It is a better rifle, in fact, a great matter to be able to send in a few more shots without reloading than the other fellows.

The following list of the rifles in use on all sides—the Canadian Rifle is in most respects equal to the British weapon, using the same cartridges—will be interesting:

Rifle	Weight	Range	Shots in Magazine
Great Britain.....Lee-Enfield 303	9 1/2 lbs	2500 yds	5
Germany.....Mauser	8 lbs	2200 yds	6
France.....Lebel 215	8 1/2 lbs	2300 yds	5
Russia.....Nagant	9 lbs	2000 yds	5
Austria.....Mannlicher 95	8 1/2 lbs	2100 yds	5
Belgium.....Mauser	8 lbs	2000 yds	5

By the way, the nonsense published in some of the United States papers about some of our men going into the war with sporting guns, or "nothing but Colt's revolvers," because of a lack of regulation rifles, was invented for the occasion—pure falsehoods, through and through!

We were short of pretty nearly everything, having had no intention of going to war with anyone, but Britain never committed the crime of sending—unarmed, or insufficiently armed, men to stand before the fully equipped and well prepared armies of Germany.

Entrenching Tool. Soldiers generally find it their first duty on the field of war to dig themselves in. The speed with which the scorpions of Mexico dig themselves away from the edge of the trench, the brother bears of the bear can burrow into the soil when hostilities threaten, is little short of miraculous.

Man has taken to living above and not below ground, and knows only when he has to. He has to get into hiding somewhere, underground if no other cover is available, when a few miles away firing great canisters full of wide-flying bullets at him, or when hostile riflemen get snatched him. Quick firing death it is fully to be feared.

Even the poor stolid officer-driven Germans refused to do it after the first week or two of the present war. And since brutal officers generally speak of old-fashioned shovels, and trenching tools, and their hands. The Canadian implement is heart shaped, and is a first-class shovel, and is used in many parts of the country.

Like the article in Goldsmith's poem—
"I contrived a double debt to pay
A bed by night, a chest of drawers
By day"

It does double duty. It is a first class digging tool, and sticks up as a bed by night, and a chest of drawers by day, forming a shield for the rifleman's face, forming an aperture in its centre for

fresh or corned beef.....1 lb.
Sugar.....24 oz.
Jam.....6 oz.
Oatmeal.....2 lb.
Cheese.....2 lb.
Butter.....2 lb.
Vegetables.....2 lb.

Experiments have shown that on a diet of this nature troops can stand any amount of hard work. On his back is the knapsack containing waterproof sheet, 2 pairs of socks, mess tin, knife, fork, spoon, comb, hairbrush, toothbrush, soap, brush, and a first aid dressing, medical bandages, etc.

Our photographs from the illustrated London News show exactly how Tommy bears his little burden. The great thing is that cheerfully and uncomplainingly he goes on bearing it.

The recent brilliant charge of the Russian cavalry on the eastern battlefield added more honors to the Cossacks who are undoubtedly among the finest mounted troops in the world.

The origin of these Cossacks is uncertain. Some authorities contend that they are the descendants of the Tartars who during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, swept over Russia and the greater part of Central Europe.

In face and figure, however, they bear little or no resemblance to the Tartars, for their features are regular and their bodies tall and slender rather than short and stocky; indeed, they are probably of as pure Slavic blood as any people in Russia.

One theory is that they are the descendants of the Scythians recorded in Holy Scripture who were more than a match for the armies of Darius and other great kings of antiquity. Another is that they are descended from runaway serfs who escaped into the wilderness from Poland and Great Russia centuries ago.

The Cossacks are a nation of horsemen and hereditary warriors, and not a body of men recruited by ordinary military methods. The Cossack and his horse are inseparable as the bed and the steed, and the character of the Cossack is in many respects remarkably similar.

The structure of their society is essentially military, and the lands on which they live are held by them on condition of military service; in place of ordinary taxation, their able-bodied men and their horses are always at the disposal of the government.

Daring Band of Warriors. Virtually every male Cossack who has attained the age of eighteen years, but the Cossacks furnish their own horses. The Cossack horse is a small, rangy, hardy animal, more pony than horse, and is covered with a thick coat of hair.

Cross Country Hunting With Armored Autos.

Probably the most exciting of all forms of sport is that which is described by a war correspondent, who armed unexpectedly drove a British armored automobile in a mad rush after a German unit across valiantly had country.

A dozen leather-clad officers—French and English—rushed out of a nearby farmhouse, followed by a score of soldiers hurriedly adjusting goggles.

A few rods down the road six armored motor-cars were waiting, and a minute later five more were humming, while four men, besides the driver, piled into each car, and from the half-inch steel plating, the sixth car stood motionless, and a British captain hailed the lieutenant and at his side.

There, lieutenant, you take the last car. Hutton is down with fever. You drive, don't you? And without waiting for the answer the captain crawled into his steel cage, slammed the door after him, and was off.

An command is a command, even though your superior rushes off to practically certain death immediately after its order is given, but here was a serious difficulty, which gave the correspondent his chance to be an unwilling and totally unrecognized hero.

Start of Auto Chase. The sixth car still waited, and meanwhile—The lieutenant looked sheepish, then swore. He had never driven a car and didn't know the difference between change of speed and brain levers. Still his orders were formal, and he turned to me. An hour before I had left my old Clement-Tally and after 125 miles of the worst roads in France, mud nearly up to the radiator, and an impenetrable mist in a 40 horse-power armored Mercedes—taken from the Germans and refitted—on a very vague mission failed to appear to me.

He has now lost that proportion of his money which is represented in the captured vessels, and also no doubt the exclusive privilege which this line had for trading with what have been German Colonies in Africa.

perior investing a large portion of his savings in this very prosperous concern. He has now lost that proportion of his money which is represented in the captured vessels, and also no doubt the exclusive privilege which this line had for trading with what have been German Colonies in Africa.

It is the heaviest of all his physical burdens. The soldier attaches his canvas covered water bottle on the right side, on his left a haversack for rations. The allowance of food issued to the soldier on field service is the result of the most elaborate and careful experiment. The essential points are to combine the maximum food value suitable for the hard work in hand with the minimum of bulk and weight. Subject to slight variations, the following may be taken as a typical daily ration for a soldier in active service.

Through the narrow main and only street of F we found the German soldiers, and as the few half-turmed farms rushed by us, the black faces of African troops were seen cautiously at doors and windows, while threatening guns were lowered as the fire of the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

Cross Country Hunting With Armored Autos.

Probably the most exciting of all forms of sport is that which is described by a war correspondent, who armed unexpectedly drove a British armored automobile in a mad rush after a German unit across valiantly had country.

A dozen leather-clad officers—French and English—rushed out of a nearby farmhouse, followed by a score of soldiers hurriedly adjusting goggles.

A few rods down the road six armored motor-cars were waiting, and a minute later five more were humming, while four men, besides the driver, piled into each car, and from the half-inch steel plating, the sixth car stood motionless, and a British captain hailed the lieutenant and at his side.

There, lieutenant, you take the last car. Hutton is down with fever. You drive, don't you? And without waiting for the answer the captain crawled into his steel cage, slammed the door after him, and was off.

An command is a command, even though your superior rushes off to practically certain death immediately after its order is given, but here was a serious difficulty, which gave the correspondent his chance to be an unwilling and totally unrecognized hero.

Start of Auto Chase. The sixth car still waited, and meanwhile—The lieutenant looked sheepish, then swore. He had never driven a car and didn't know the difference between change of speed and brain levers. Still his orders were formal, and he turned to me. An hour before I had left my old Clement-Tally and after 125 miles of the worst roads in France, mud nearly up to the radiator, and an impenetrable mist in a 40 horse-power armored Mercedes—taken from the Germans and refitted—on a very vague mission failed to appear to me.

He has now lost that proportion of his money which is represented in the captured vessels, and also no doubt the exclusive privilege which this line had for trading with what have been German Colonies in Africa.

perior investing a large portion of his savings in this very prosperous concern. He has now lost that proportion of his money which is represented in the captured vessels, and also no doubt the exclusive privilege which this line had for trading with what have been German Colonies in Africa.

It is the heaviest of all his physical burdens. The soldier attaches his canvas covered water bottle on the right side, on his left a haversack for rations. The allowance of food issued to the soldier on field service is the result of the most elaborate and careful experiment. The essential points are to combine the maximum food value suitable for the hard work in hand with the minimum of bulk and weight. Subject to slight variations, the following may be taken as a typical daily ration for a soldier in active service.

Through the narrow main and only street of F we found the German soldiers, and as the few half-turmed farms rushed by us, the black faces of African troops were seen cautiously at doors and windows, while threatening guns were lowered as the fire of the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

Just at the crest of the hill, which we were to descend, the German machine guns flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency. I was sitting on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly, raising to a broad level the first emergency.

